Holmes County Farmer.

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The Holmes County Farmer.

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Devoted to the advocacy of the principles of the Democratic party, and to general and local news.

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The FARMER has a larger circulation than any other paper in this section of the State. It is now, and has been for thirty-eight consecutive years the official paper of the county.

Select Poetry.

NO MORE DRAFTS.

BEFORE ELECTION.

"Good people, vote for Abe,
The Union to restore,
To liberate the negro
And end this cruel war.
We'll have no more conscription,"
Said the Lincoln men and laughed;
"So vote for Father Abraham,
If you'd avoid the draft."

"As soon as rebeldom
Shall hear the glorious news,
Of Abraham's election,
They'll tremble in their shoes.
They'll throw away their arms,"
Said the Lincoln men and laughed;
"So vote for Father Abraham,
If you'd avoid the draft."

"Jeff Davis and Bob Lee
Will go to Mexico,
And Beauregard and Hood will hide
Themselves in Borneo.
They'll give us their plantations,"
Said the Lincoln men and laughed;
"So vote for Father Abraham,
If you'd avoid the draft."

SINCE THE CALL.

I took them at their word,
I voted for their man,
And sat up all election night,
To hear how shoddy ran.
The telegraph did tick,
The Lincoln men all laughed,
And said, "The Copperheads are sick;
There'll be another draft."

No Copperhead am I,
But still I fell quite sick,
To think the draft should follow
My vote for Abe so quick.
I asked the Democrats,
How is this? and they laughed,
And said, "How are you conscript?
You voted for the draft!"

Select Story.

THE RUNAWAY MATCH!

—OR—

How the Schoolmaster Married a Fortune.

It's about ten years ago sense the incident what I'm gwine to tell, tuck place. It caused a great sensation at Pineville at the time, and had the effect to make fellers monstrous careful how they run away with other people's daughters without their consent, ever sense.

Mr. Ebenezer Doolittle was the bominablest man after rich gals that ever was. He hadn't been keeping school in Pineville more than six months, before he had found out every rich gal in the settlement whose father had twenty niggers, and had courted all of 'em within a day's ride. He was rather old to be popular with the gals, and somehow they didn't like his ways, and the way they did bluff him off was enough to discourage anybody but a Yankee schoolmaster what wanted to git married, and hadn't many years of grace left. But it didn't seem to make no sort of difference to him. He undertook 'em by the job. He was bound to have a rich wife out of some of 'em, and if he failed in one case, it only made him more perseverin' in the next.—His motto was never say die.

Betty Darling as they used to call her—old Mr. Darling's daughter, what used to live out on the Runs—was about the torndown-est mischief of a gal in Georgia. Betty was rich, handsome and smart, and had more admirers than you could shake a stick at, but she was such a tormentin' little coquette that the boys were all afarid to court her in right down earnest. When Mr. Doolittle found her out he went rite at her like a house-a-fire. She was just the gal for him, and he was determined to have her at the risk of his life.

Well, he laid seige to old Mr. Darling's house day and night, and when he could not leave his school to go and see her, he rit letters to her, that was enuff to throw any other gal but Betty Darling into a fit of high stericks to read 'em. Jest as every body expected after encouragin' him jest enuff to make a feller believe he had the thing did, she kicked him flat. But shaw he was perfectly used to it, and he was too much of a filosopher to be discharged by such a rebuff, when the game was worth pursuing.

He didn't lose a minit's time, but jest brushed up and went rite at her again.—Every body was perfectly surprised to see him gwine back to old Mr. Darling's, after the way he had been treeted by Betty; but they were a good deal more surprised, and the boys were terribly alarmed in about a month at the headway he seemed to be makin' in his suit. All at once, Miss Betty's conduct seemed to change towards him, and though her father and mother was terribly opposed to the match, any body could see that she was begin' to like the schoolmaster very well.

Things went on in this way for a while till bimeby old Mr. Darling begun to get so uneasy about it that he told Mr. Doolittle one day that he musn't come to his house no more; and if he kecht him sending any more love letters and kiss verses to his daughter by his nigger gals, he'd make one of his boys give him an all-fired cowhidin.

But Mr. Doolittle didn't care for that neither. He could see near Miss Betty when she come a shoppin' in stores in town ond there was more'n one way to git a letter to her. What did he care for that old Darling? His daughter was hed and har in love with him, and was just the gal to run away with him too, if she was opposed by her parents. And as for the property, he was certain of that when he got the gal.

One Sunday when there was no school, Mr. Doolittle went to old Squire Rogers, and told him he must be ready to marry a couple that night at exactly ten o'clock.

"Mum," ses he, "you musn't say a word to nobody, Squire. The license is all ready, and the party wants it to be very private."

Squire Rogers was one of the most accommodatin' old fellers in the world on such occasions. Mrs. Rogers was a monstrous cranny, cross old lady, and nothing done the old Squire so much good as to marry other people; it didn't make odds who they was, besides, Mr. Doolittle was an injured man, and a great scholar, in his opinion, and belonged to his church.

Mr. Doolittle had arranged the whole business in first rate order. Miss Betty was to meet him at the end of her fathers lane, disguised in a dress borrowed for the occasion when he was to take her in a close one-horse barouche, and "fly with her on the wings of love," as he said he would to the Squire's office whar they was to be united in bands of wedlock before any body in the village know'd anything about. He had made arrangements at the hotel for a room, which he seed fixed up himself for the auspicious occasion; and he had writ a letter to a friend of his down in Augusty, to be thar the next week, to take charge of his school, as he thought it mought be necessary for him to keep out the way of old Darling for a few weeks, till the old feller could have time to come to.

All day Mr. Doolittle was bustling about as if he wasn't certain which end he stood on, while the sunshine of his hart beamed from his taller-colored face in away to let everybody know something extraordinary was gwine to happen.

Jest after dark he mought been seen driving out by himself in a barouche towards old Mr. Darling's. Everybody 'spected something, and all hands was on the look out. It was plain to see Squire Rogers' importance was swelled up considerably with something new, but nobody couldn't get a word out of him.

Mr. Doolittle didn't spare the lash after he got out of sight of town, and with strained eyes and palpitatin' hart, he soon reached the place appointed to meet the object of his consuming affections.

Was she thar? No! yes! it is. Yes thar she is! the dear creature. The skirt of her nankeen ridin' dress, what sets close to her angelic form flutterin' in the breeze. She stands timidly crouchin' by the fence holdin' her vale close over her lovely face, tremblin' in every joint for fear she mought be discovered and torn away from the arms of her devoted Ebenezer.

"Dearest angel!" ses he, in a low voice.

"Oh, Ebenezer!" and kind 'o fell in his arms.

"Compose yourself, my love!"

"Oh; if father should——

"Don't fear, dearest creature, my arm shall protect you against the world." And he was jest gwine to pull away her veil to kiss her——

"Oh!" ses she, "did'nt I hear somebody comin'?"

"Eh!" ses he, lookin' round, "Let's git in, my dear."

And with that he helped her into the barouche and contented himself with imprinting a burnin' kiss that almost singed the kid glove on her dear little hands, as he closed the door. Then jumpin' on the front seat, he drove as fast as he could to town, couragin' all the way, and swearin' to her how he would love her and make her happy, and tellin' her how her father and mother would forgive her, and think as much of her as ever.

Poor gal she was so terribly agitated that she couldn't no nothin' but sob and cry, which made Mr. Doolittle love her the more and sware the harder.

When they got to the Squire's office and the boys that was on the watch seed him help her out of the barouche, everybody knew her at once, in spite of her disguise, and such another excitement was never seed in Pineville. Sum of the fellers was half out of their senses, and it was necessary to hurry the ceremony over as quick as possible for fear of bein' interrupted by the row that was evidently bruin'.

"Be quick, Squire," ses Doolittle, handin' out the license, and shakin' like he had the ager, "for Miss Darling is very much agitated."

The Squire hardly waited to wipe his spectacles, and didn't take him to enjoy himself in readin' the ceremony slow, and puttin' the double-semi-quivers in his voice like he always did. The noise was gettin' louder and louder out of doors, and somebody was knocking to get in.

"Oh!" ses Betty, leanin' on Mr. Doolittle's arm for support.

"Go on," ses Doolittle, pressin' her to his side, his eyes on the Squire, and his face as white as a sheet.

"Open the door, Rogers," ses a hoarse voice outside.

But the Squire didn't hear nothin' till he pronounced the last words of the ceremony, and Ebenezer Doolittle and Elizabeth Darling were pronounced man and wife.

Just then the door opened. In rushed old Mr. Darling, and Bill and Sam Darling followed by a whole heap of fellers.

"Take hold of her!" ses old Darling, flourishing his cane over his head. "Take hold of the hussy!"

"Stand off," ses Doolittle throwin' himself in a real stage attitude, and supportin' his faintin' bride on one arm. "Stand off old man! She is my lawful wife, and I claim the protection of the law."

"Knock him down! take hold of him!" ses half a dozen; and Bill Darling grabbed the bridegroom by the neck, while Squire Rogers jumped upon the table and hollered out:

"I command the peace! I command the peace in the name of the State of Georgia!"

"She's my wife!" shouted Doolittle.—"I call upon the law!"

Just then the bride got over her faintin' fit, and raised her droopin' head—the veil fell off, and—oh; cruel fate! Mr. Ebenezer Doolittle stood petrified with horror, holdin' in his arms, not Miss Betty but Miss Betty's waitin' maid, one of the blackest niggers in Georgia, who, at this interestin' crisis, rolled her eyes upon him like two pealed onions, and throwin' her arms round his neck, exclaimed:

"Dis is my own dear husband what Miss Betty gin me her own self!"

"Go to the devil, you black——," ses Doolittle, tryin' to pull away from her.

"Stick to him, Sally," ses the fellers, "he is yours accordin' to law."

Squire Rogers looked like he'd married his last couple, poor old man, hadn't a word to say for himself. The boys and young Darlings liked to laugh themselves to death, while old Mr. Darling, who was mad as a hornet, was gwine to have Doolittle arrested for nigger stealin', right off.

Poor Doolittle! He made out at last to git loose from his wife, and to find the back door. He haint been heard of in Pineville from that day to this.

Horrors of War.

A man, unless he happens to be a devil incarnate, very soon gets tired of killing those whom he can see. Even the surgeon who is dissecting a corpse covers up the face of his subject. Its eyes have sunk their fire into the abyss of death, but they are still human eyes. To mark the death-gaze of the slaughtered, the poor fellow who never did us harm—to feel our feet slippery in his blood—to have his blood spurt on our hands, and his hot brains brush into our face—this kind of business very soon sickens and revolts the bravest soldier. When you have seen a few men lashed and shot to death, my Christian friend—my melodious poet, with your sing song about the "tented field" and the "embattled strife"—my mellifluous pastor, with your high sounding eloquence about the "God of battles"—you will think as I do.

Mayhaps you may come to acknowledge how comparatively tender and merciful are the men in shoulder-straps whose trade it is to kill, and how often the gorge of the souls rises at their dreadful calling. Turn to the Book of Maccabees, and read that one tremendous pregnant passage—that one line, "And Nicanor lay dead in harness." When you have seen him thus, laying stark and stiff, his brave clothes all dabbled in gore, his mouth wide open, grinning, awful, the bloody foam of his lips dried into a purple crust, and the camp followers—the Thenard of the army—creeping up to rifle his pockets and draw off his boots; and cut off his ring finger, and smash his jaw for the sake of his false teeth, you may form some idea about the "romance of war," very different from those you have previously entertained.

Miscellaneous.

Talks about Health.

During the damp and cold season deficient dress of feet and legs is a fruitful source of disease. The head, throat and liver are perhaps the greatest sufferers.

The legs and feet are far from the central part of the body. They are not a great mass like the trunk, but extended and enveloped by the atmosphere. Besides, they are near the damp, cold earth.

For these and other reasons, they require extra covering. If we would secure the highest physiological conditions, we must give our extremities more dress than the body. We men wear upon our legs, in the coldest season, but two thicknesses of cloth. The body has at least six.

Women put on them four thicknesses under the shawl, which, with its various doublings, furnishes several more—then over all, thick, padded furs, while their legs have one thickness of cotton under a balloon. They constantly come to me about their headache, palpitation of the heart, and congestion of the liver. Yesterday one said to me, "All my blood is in my head and chest. My head goes bumpety-bump, my heart goes bumpety-bump." I asked, "How are your feet?" "Chunks of ice," she replied. I said to her, "If you so dress your legs and feet that the blood can't get down into them, where can it go? It can't go out visiting. It must stay in the system somewhere. Of course the head and chest must have an excessive quantity. So they go bumpety-bump, and so they must go, until you dress your feet and legs in such a way that they shall get their share of blood. In the coldest season of the year I leave Boston for a bit of a tour before the lyceums—going as far as Philadelphia, and riding much in the night without an overcoat; but I give my legs two or three times their usual dress.—During the coldest weather men may wear, in addition to their usual drawers, a pair of chamois-skin drawers with great advantage. When we ride in a sleigh, or in the cars, where do we suffer? In our legs of course. Give me warm legs and feet, and I'll hardly thank you for an overcoat.

"My dear madam, have you a headache, a sore throat, palpitation of the heart, congestion of the liver, or indigestion? Wear one, two, or three pairs of woollen drawers, two pairs of warm woollen stockings, and thick, warm shoes, with more or less reduction in the amount of dress about your body, and you will obtain the same relief permanently that you would derive temporarily from a warm foot-bath."

I must not forget to say that a thin layer of India-rubber comented upon the boot sole will do much to keep the bottoms of our feet dry and warm.—*Dio Lewis, M. D.*

Walking a Raft.

There was a fellow once stepped out of the door of a tavern on the Mississippi, meaning to walk a mile up the shore to the next tavern. Just at the landing there lay a big raft, one of the old fashioned whalers, a raft a mile long.

Well, the fellow heard the landlord say the raft was a mile long, and he said unto himself, "I will go forth and see this great wonder, and let mine eyes behold the timber which the hand of man hath hewn." So he got on at the lower end and began to ambulate over the wood in pretty fair time.—But just as he started, the raft started too, and as he walked up the river it walked down, both traveling at about the same rate. When he got to the end of the sticks, he found they were pretty near the shore and in sight of a tavern; so he landed and walked straight into the tavern he'd come out of. The general sameness of things took him a little aback, but he looked the landlord steady in the face and settled it in his own way.

"Publican," said he, "are you gifted with ary twin brother, who keeps a similar sized tavern, with a duplicate wife, a comporting wood pile, and corresponding circus bills, a mile off from here?"

The tavern keeper was fond of fun and accordingly said that it was just so.

"And Publican, have you among your dry goods anything for the entertainment of man and horse, any whiskey of the same size as that of your brother's?"

And the tavern man said, that from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, he had.

They took drinks, when the stranger said: "Publican, that twin brother of yours is a mighty fine man—a very fine man indeed. But do you know I am afraid he suffers a good deal with the Chicago diptheria."

"And what's that?" asked the landlord.

"It's when the truth settles so firm in a man that none of it ever comes out. Common doctors, of the catnip sort, call it lyin'. When I left your brother's confectionary, there was a raft at the door, which he swore his life to, was a mile long. Well, Publican, I walked that raft from bill to tail, from his door to yourn. Now I know my time, an' I am just as good for myself as for a hoss, and better for that than any man you ever did see. I always walk a mile, on a good road, in twenty minutes, and I'll be busted with an overloaded Injun gun if I've been more than ten minutes comin' here, and steppin' over the blamed logs at that."

A Scene in Paris.

A boy sixteen years of age was brought before the police court, Paris, charged with stealing and begging in the public street. He was a bright, fine looking boy, but very poorly clad, and when brought before the judge he fell upon his knees and begged not to put him in prison; that his mother was sick and starving, and that alone had driven him to steal; that he could not find work; and if he was imprisoned th disgrace would kill his poor mother. The judge seemed somewhat moved by the boy's story, but he nevertheless, after hearing the evidence, finally condemned him to six week's imprisonment.

As the boy was being led away, a poor woman, pale, covered with rags, and her hair in disorder, forced her way through the crowd, and, tottering up to the boy, passed one arm around him; and then turning to the judge, pushed back her long black hair, and exclaimed: "Do you not recognize me! Thirteen years passed since you deserted me, leaving me alone with my child and my shame; but I have not forgotten you, and this boy, wnom you have condemned, is your son!"

You may imagine the effect this announcement produced on bystanders. The judge, in a loid voice, ordered the woman to be carried from the court, and then left it himself, but joined the poor creature in the street, and carried her and the boy off in a carrage.

George Augustus Sala says:—"In all seriousness and sincerity I render to the young ladies of America the tribute of being the most accomplished talkers in the world. Their readiness of diction, their facile flow of ideas, their quickness of apprehension, are really and truly astonishing." We are glad that George can find something to admire in America.

A Colored Prayer Meeting.

"Our African Brother" is a curious fellow, and, in many things, an interesting fellow. And in no position is he more interesting and *unique* than in the midst of religious exercises, surrounded by brethren and sisters of his own persuasion. Not long since we visited the camp of a colored regiment, during a prayer meeting. From the yelling and rolling on the ground, and frantic gesticulating, and wild confusion generally, we at first imagined ourself in Pandemonium. One of the men was earnestly engaged in prayer, but from the vigor of the responses, and the chaotic state of our senses, we could not for some time clutch the thread of his narrative. We managed to understand a little, however. Here is a specimen brick, with accompanying responses:

"Oh, Lord, come down off frum de top lim onter de bottom lim, and then jump onter the ground, and pick up yer old musket and pitch in and fight for de Union. [Present arms!] Don't hang back, Lord, but come up to de scratch, [Stand by de cannon], and help us to fight it out. [Right shoulder shift!] We know yee's on our side, Lord, but do put on yer old catridge box.—[On right by file inter line!] Oh, Lord, why don't ye grab ole Jeff Davis by de coat collar and de seat of his britches, [Ground arms], and chuck him right into hell?—[Double quick!] Oh, Lord, they's some gemmen on their Union side dat acts like de debbil. [Fix baynits!] Now, be a good feller and take dem ornery gemmen by de coat collar and de seat of der britches, and hold 'em over hell [Ram catridge!] a little while, jest long enough to burn de hair off [Suppoat arms!] and then let 'em go, and mebbee they'll behave derselfs after dat.—[File right!] We'd be obliged to ye, oh Lord, if ye'd pat Mass'r Grant and Mass'r Sherman on de back [Unfix bayonets!] and call 'em good fellers. [Deploy as skirmishers!] Don't pat old Vallandigham, Lord, case he's a mean cuss. Amen! [Form plattoons; second plattoon, mark time!]

Didn't Want a Substitute.

Mr. Pilkinson, a small farmer in Pennsylvania, was some time ago drafted for the service of his country. His wife, though she possessed but a small stock of general information, is one of the best conjugal partners, and she was much troubled at the thought of parting with her husband. As she was engaged in scrubbing off her doorsteps, a rough-looking stranger came up and thus addressed her;

"I hear madam, that your husband has been drafted."

"Yes, sir, he has;" answered Mrs. Pilkinson, "though, dear knows, there's few men that couldn't better be spared from their families."

"Well, madam, I have come to offer myself as a substitute for him."

"A what?" asked Mrs. Pilkinson, with some excitement.

"I am willing to take his place," said the stranger.

"You take the place of *my* husband, you wretch. I'll teach you to insult a distressed woman that way, you vagabond!" cried Mrs. Pilkinson, as she discharged the dirty soapsuds in the face of the discomfited and astonished substitute, who took to his heels just in time to escape having his head broken by the bucket.

Gems of Thought.

BREVITY.—If you would be pungent, be brief, for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn.

BEAR WITH ANOTHER'S FAULTS—The great secret is to learn to bear with each other's faults; not to be blind to them—that is an impossibility or a folly.

FRIGHT.—It may not always be possible for the mind to brace itself against the shocks and jars of physical affright any more than for the sailor to steady his hammock in the gale.

BOOKS.—Many people approve no books but such as are representatives of their own opinions or passions; they read not to have nature reflected on them, and so be taught to know and love everything, but to be reflected themselves as in a pocket-mirror, and so exchange admiring looks with their own narrow cast of countenance.

FEELING.—Low measures of feeling are better than ecstacies for ordinary life.—Heaven sends its rains in gentle drops, else the flowers would be beaten to pieces.

INVIDIOUSNESS.—Envy is surrounded on all sides by the brightness of another's prosperity, as the scorpion, confined within a circle of fire, will sting itself to death.

HABITS.—Habits influence the character pretty much as under currents influence a vessel; and whether they speed us on the way of our wishes or retard our progress, their effect is not the less important because imperceptible.

THE MORNING CLOUD.—When we think that the morning cloud is like life, we are sad, but when we see it waiting in royal array at God's western gate, we are glad again, for we think how beautiful may be a dying.

THE RANK.—If you step out of ranks the crowd may pass on; the vacant space may be occupied; and you never may be able to find your place again. There are more men than there are holes, and the holes get filled up.

Why Don't He do It?

When a farmer knows that the Winter season is the time to prepare bar-posts and repair all kinds of farming implements, Why don't he do it?

When a farmer knows that wagons and sleds and sleighs and carriages, will last great deal longer when properly housed, Why don't he do it?

When a farmer knows that cows will do better on less quantity of feed if properly stabled through the Winter, Why don't he do it?

When a farmer sees the boards dropping from his barns and out buildings, and knows that it would take only a few minutes to nail them on again, Why don't he do it?

When a farmer knows that a good part of his farm would be improved by plowing it in narrow lands—thus giving the water a chance to drain off, Why don't he do it?

When a farmer knows that most of his plow land would be greatly improved by sowing clover, Why don't he do it?

Three Ways of Curing Dogs of Sheep-killing.

First. Tie the dog on his back in a gateway and drive a flock of sheep over him.

Second. Fasten him between two stout rams, the three abreast, and let them race him about the field awhile.

Third. Cut off the dog's head.

A German says that he knows the two former methods to be effectual. We know the last to be so.

The question of re-construction in North Carolina is now being agitated.

Will Nobody Marry Me?

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Heigh-ho! for a husband—high-ho!
There's danger in longer delay!
Shall I never again have a beau?
Will nobody marry me, pray?
I begin to feel strange, I declare!
With beauty my prospects will fade!
I'd give myself up to despair
If I thought I should die an old maid!

I once cut the beaus in a huff:
I thought it a sin and a shame
That no one had spirit enough
To ask me to alter my name;
So I turned up my nose at the short,
And rolled up my eyes at the tall;
But then I just did it in sport,
And now I've no lover at all!

These men are the plague of my life;
'Tis hard from so many to choose,
Should one of them wish for a wife,
Could I have the heart to refuse?
I don't know, for none have proposed,
O dear me? I'm frightened, I vow!
Good gracious!—whoever supposed
That I should be single till now!

Eggs in Winter.

C. R. informs us how hens may be made to lay in winter when eggs sell at high prices. Usually in spring and summer hens lay well. It would appear that the nearer the temperature of winter can be made to that of spring, the better the hens will lay. His hen-house in winter is in a cellar with windows on the south side reaching from the top to the bottom. Under the roost is a stone floor covered with peat or loam a foot and a half deep. Since changing his hens from a cold to a warm shelter, and feeding them with boiled potatoes, flesh, powdered bone, blood, &c., eggs have become abundant. No fowls should be kept over two years, as they lay best when a year old and before.—Select roosters from small varieties and different breeds. Bolton Grays are nearest the standard for layers. Years of experience have confirmed our valuable correspondent in these views of barnyard fowls. His large and elegant flocks of chickens which we saw last summer serve to satisfy us that our correspondent is a most successful poulterer, one who has learned wisdom from practice and experience.—*Boston Cultivator.*

Too Smart a Boy.

A friend tells the following, which we consider a "good 'un." Being in a mechanic's shop the other day, an urchin came in, his dress covered with mud. His father instantly observing his dirty plight, remarked to him:

"William, my son, how came you to muddy your dress so?"

The boy stopped a moment, then looking his father in the eye, very soberly asked:

"Father, what am I made of?"

"Dust. The Bible says, 'Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.'"

"Well, father, if I'm dust, how can I help being muddy when it rains on me?"

"William! go down stairs and get some wood. Start!"

Clippings.

A cotemporary mentions the arrest of a woman in the streets, and states further that nothing was found on her person but a love-letter and a daguerreotype. Rather a "poetic" and "picturesque" costume for the metroplis!

"Mr. Engineer, is there any danger?"—"Of what, madam?" "Of the strem's bustin'?" "No, marm! the only things that bust on this locomotive are the boiler and engineer."

A man hearing of another who was 100 years old, said, contemptuously, "Pshaw! what a fuss about nothing! Why, if my grandfather was alive, he would be 150 years old."

A clergyman, who was consoling a young widow upon the death of her husband, spoke in a very serious tone, remarking that "He was one of the few. You cannot find his equal, you know." To which the sobbing fair one replied, with an almost broken heart, "I don't know, but I'll try."

PLUCK.—There is a man in Maine, the owner of a piece of crinoline, who shows decided pluck. He says that when the minister was hugging and kissing his wife, he peeped through the crack of the door and saw it all; and as long as he had the spirit of a man remaining, he would peep on such occasions!

A gentleman complaining of the income-tax says he cannot put on his boots in the morning without a stamp.

We notice in one of our exchanges an advertisement, "Lost—A leather lady's portmonnie." Tough lady, that.

Many persons ascribe their adversity to heaven, but their prosperity to their own prudence.

With a little house well filled, a little land well tilled, a little wife well willed, a husband well skilled, and servants well drilled, a little time may be well killed.

It is said that the new Atlantic telegraph cable is being made at the rate of eighty miles a day, and will be ready for laying in the month of June.

"Can you tell me," asked a blooming lass of a suitor, "what ship carries more passengers than the Great Eastern?"

"Well, madam, I really don't think I can."

"Why, it is courtship," replied the maiden, with a conscious blush.

There are a set of men who differ in nothing from broken pitchers, which can hold nothing, but let it run out by babbling.

It is probable that the shirt of Nessus was simply a shirt not paid for.

Let us love little children; they are the delicate flower-gods of a soon fading Eden.

The sublime is the temple's step of religion, as the stars are of immeasurable space.

Most uninteresting companions are girls in their gigglehood and boys in their boobyhood.

We should not forget that life is a flower, which is no sooner fully blown than it begins to wither.

At a christening, while the minister was giving a certificate, in thinking of the day of the month, said, "I believe this is the thirtieth." "The thirtieth!" exclaimed the indignant mother, "it is only the eleventh!"

The manner of advertising for a husband in Java is by placing an empty flowerpot on the portico roof, which is as much as to say, "A young lady is in the house. Husband wanted."

If you can't coax fish to bite, try your persuasive powers upon a cross dog and you will be sure to succeed.

"Have you seen my black faced antelope?" inquired Mr. Leoscope, who has a collection of animals, of his friend Bottlejack.—"No, I havn't. Who did your black faced aunt elope with?"

A Dangerous Weapon.

It has been discovered that an English highway robber's newly invented instrument has lately been brought to this country, which is one of the most dangerous weapons the internal genius of a criminal brain has ever invented. It is called the "sand club," and its use is almost certain to produce death. It is made of strong canvass, in the shape of a club, about twenty inches long, and from six to eight inches in circumference. The bag or club is filled with closely packed fine sand, and weighs from five to ten pounds, and has great advantages over the ordinary club or bludgeon, brass knuckles or slung shot. It will not rebound after a blow is struck, and it leaves no mark or bruise. When the victim is struck on the top of the head, and there is where the sand club is directed, he instantly sinks to the pavement without a struggle, the result of concussion to the brain, and not even a bruise, which any ordinary blunt instrument makes, is to be discovered on the scalp of the victim after the sand club has performed its fearful mission. A few of these instruments have already been found in the possession of desperate characters, and their use and history confessed to the police.

A victim of one of these sand clubs might be found dead in the street the next morning and no doubt the verdict of a Coroner's Jury would be 'Cause of death unknown,' or 'Died of apoplexy.' The highway robber has various methods of carrying out his purpose. If he is anything of a fancy character, he usually dresses pretty well, and talks with some degree of intelligence and pleasantry. He haunts the theaters and drinking saloons, and his victims are young men who carry more money and jewelry than brains, and who go out for a lark; or he selects some soldier or sailor who has received his pay. He makes the acquaintance of one of these, if possible—drinks with him and invites him to drink—and when he is sufficiently under the influence of liquor, he gets him out on the street, and when there are no passers-by to be seen, he suddenly turns upon and knocks him down and robs him, and hurries away with his plunder.

When he cannot make his victim's acquaintance he dogs him about, and may have a confederate, and when he turns into some back street he hastily steps up behind him, and as he turns, deals him a fearful blow which staggers him, and his confederate then obtains the plunder.—*New York News.*

Coffee as the French Prepare It.

In Paris, the coffee is nectar compared with the beverage we in common call coffee. The French use three kinds of coffee, Mocha, Java, and Rio, mixed in equal parts. The coffee, before roasting, is winnowed, to cleanse it of dust, &c.; it is then culled or picked over, every black or defective kernel is picked out, as well as stones, seeds, and rat droppings, which are abundant in most coffee. It is then put into tubs of clean water and well washed, then spread ready to dry; when dry it is ready for roasting. The coffee required is roasted daily at large establishments; while warm it is ground and put up in glazed papers of a conical shape, holding from two ounces to half a pound, and sealed up. Gentlemen, as they leave their places of business for home and dinner, when convenient, call and take the needed supply. The coffee is put into a pot or digestor in cold water, and then set over a lamp expressly for the purpose, and there heated, not boiled, but steeped; from the digestor no steam or fumes arise; when ready you have your cup of coffee. It is coffee, and a beverage delicious, health-giving, not the bitter, acid, filthy, nauseous drug we are in the habit of partaking, and calling it coffee.—*Springfield Republican.*

Wages of Labor in Europe.

According to Mr. Flint, Secretary of the board of Agriculture, who investigated the subject while in Europe, thirty-seven cents per day is the highest sum paid the farm laborer in England or Ireland, the laborer boarding himself. In most parts of Ireland the farm laborer gets but twenty-five cents per day, and with this sum he must board and lodge himself; and even at this low rate he is not able to procure labor on full time. In Belgium the average price is about thirty cents per day, the laborer finding himself. In Bon, on the Rhine, it is about twenty cents per day. At the large Agricultural Institute at Goisberg, near Westbaden, it is twenty-four cents per day. In and around Heidleberg, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, it is from thirty to thirty-five cents. In and around Cassel, thirty-seven cents per day, finding themselves. These prices are for the season of harvest, when prices are generally higher than at other seasons of the year. No wonder there is a large emigration to this country.—*Mass. Republican.*

Music.

Let your daughters cultivate music by all means. Every woman who has an aptitude for singing should bless God for the gift, and cultivate it with diligence; not that she may dazzle strangers or win applause from a crowd, but that she may bring gladness to her own fireside. The influence of music in strengthening the affections is far from being perceived by many of its admirers; a sweet melody binds all hearts together as it were' with a golden chord; it makes the pulse beat with unison and the heart thrill with sympathy. But the music of the fireside must be simple and unpretending; it does not require brilliancy of execution, but tenderness of feeling; a merry tune for the young; a subdued strain for the aged, but none of the noisy claptrap which is popular in public.

There are two Kinds of Girls.

One is the kind that appear best abroad—the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, etc., and whose chief delight is in such things; the other is the kind that appears best at home—the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining room, the sick room, and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character. One is often a torment at home—the other a blessing; one is a moth, consuming everything about her—the other is a sunbeam, inspiring life and gladness all along her pathway. The right education will modify both a little and unite their good qualities in one.

Farm Reading.

Farmers who make the most rapid improvement in husbandry are likely to be those who read most on the subject of their vocation. For the man who reads little, no matter what his vocation is, will be likely to think little, and act with reference to tradition received from generations, or else in imitation of what is going on about him. There is always hope of a man who loves reading, study and reflection.

Seeing the Hog.

A man tn Cortland county raised a porker of such unusual size that strangers went out of their way to see it. One of them met an old gentleman and inquired about the animal.

"Wall, yes," the old fellow said said; "he'd got such a critter, mi'ty big'nn; but he guessed he'd have to charge him about a shillin' for looking at him.

The stranger looked at the old man for a minute or so; pulled out the desired coin and handed it to him and then started to go off.

"Hold on," said the other; don't you want to see the hog?"

"No," said the stranger, "I have seen as big a hog as I want to see!" and off he went.